An EPITAPHE on the KING,

VVho was beheaded at *White-Hall*, on Tuesday *Ianuary* 30. and was buried at *Windsor* on Saturday, *February* 17.

WHom *Scotlands* Ayre brought forth, and *Englands* nurst
Interr'd at *Windsor*, Heere lyes *CHARLES* the first;
The *Starre*, the *Garter*, and what Kings did weare
Or give of Honour must lye buried here;
The *George* of *England*, And the *Knights* bright *Spurre*
Must lodge for ever by this Sepulchre,
Vnlesse some *Phœnix* springing from his Dust
From Night shall rayse them, and wipe off their Rust.
What's left by Death unconquerd, we may look,
And learn to practise from this Royall Book,
For never Axe as yet was so unkind
To claime that sharpnesse as to touch the Mind;
Heer he breathes holy fires, and free from fears
Forgives our Rudenesse, and forbids our Teares;
Teares court but Graves, which if to Earth we pay
For *Charles* in Heaven, our Teares mistake their way;
No Tomb needs speak his praise, An Angells wing
Lends the best help to *Epitaphe* the *King*,
Which whiles the scornfull doe demand what 'tis;
Relligion answers, and saies sure 'tis this.
If this Land *lend not a more contrite groane*
This Land *is Marble though* Himselfe *hath none.*